I Am Not Allowed

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11/18/94

I am not allowed to be fully expressive
I always seem too scared
Afraid of the repercussions
Afraid of what people will think

I am not allowed to get angry
Quietly holding it all inside
Just turning the other cheek yet again
At every little snide remark

I am not allowed to retaliate
To explode against the personal injustices
Never able to tell someone
Just how much of a prick they truly are

I am not allowed to be totally honest
Instead I cloak myself in a shroud of secrecy
Afraid of being laughed at
Afraid of being misunderstood

It's so hard to lay yourself open
Exposed and vulnerable to the world
Cringing in anticipation
As the slavering jackals run away with my spleen

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